THE GOLDEN TALISMAN.

"I can not recommend you, believing you to be a thief, but I will be so merciful that I will let you depart. Go at once."

The voice and face were stern and unyielding.

Geoffrey Baird knew that all the piteous appeals he had made, the assertion of innocence he had frantically declared, had fallen upon ears not indeed deaf, but closed to him.

"You have been very kind to me, Mr. Hoyt," he said, his voice quivering with pain, "and I hope some day you will know that I had rather cut off my right hand than let it rob you."

There was no reply, and the boy, for he was not nineteen, walked slowly from the room, where he had been accused of crime, condemned and punished in a brief half hour.

He was a widow's only son, and very poor, but Abraham Hoyt had been very kind to him, employing him in light labor about his extensive grounds, trying him well, and allowing him to read whatever he wished in his library.

And from the library a valuable watch and chain had been stolen from a table drawer, when there was no one, as far as could be ascertained, in the room but Geoffrey Baird.

Crushed, humiliated, almost heart-broken, the lad walked from the house, across the wide garden, bright with summer bloom that seemed to mock his misery. He had his hand upon the latch of the great iron gate leading into the road, when he heard his name called, in a clear childish voice.

"Jeff, Jeff! O, wait a moment!"

And then, turning his heavy eyes, he saw a fairy of ten summers, a golden haired darling, dressed all in white, coming down the broad walk with flying feet.

Of all the treasures his employer possessed, Geoffrey knew this, his only child was the dearest. Motherless from her birth, she had been her father's idol her whole petted life.

"Jeff," she panted, coming to his side, "you must go away, papa says, but I know you never, never took the watch! Did you?"

"No, Miss Daisy, I never took it."

"I know it! I'm going to find out who did take it. And Jeff, you must take this."

She opened her tiny white hand to show lying upon the palm a broad twenty-dollar gold piece. But the boy shrank back.

"No, no, Miss Daisy," he said, "I could not."

"But you must. It is my own, my very own. Aunt Louise gave it to me on my birthday. In the corner I scratched 'M. H.' for Margaret Hoyt,, with a pin, but I guess it won't hurt it. Please, please, dear Jeff, take it."

She pressed it into his reluctant hand, and then throwing her arms around his neck, kissed him with her child's lips, saying:

"I'll find out who did take the watch, Jeff, and then you will come back."

Before he could answer she was speeding back to the house, her curls flying out on the summer air that wafted to Geoffrey a last:

"Good-bye, dear Jeff."

With a heavy heart he went homeward, to tell his sorrow and disgrace. He feared it would almost kill his mother, but after hearing him patiently she said;

"I had a letter from Albany this morning, Geoffrey, from my father's lawyers. Twenty-five years ago my father cast me off for marrying a poor man. He died without forgiving me, but to you he has left his fortune, nearly half a million of money, upon condition you take his name when you are of age. I have packed up your possessions, and we will go to Albany to-night."

* * * * * * *

"Margaret!"

The voice was sharp and imperative, and Margaret Hoyt looked up from the task of teaching little Allie Bristow her letters to answer. But before she spoke the beautiful girl who entered the schoolroom said:

"Margaret, I want you to come and show Elsie how to trim my dress for tonight. Everybody said you had such exquisite taste before your father failed and died."

The pale, patient face flushed a little at the cruel words, but Laura Bristow did not heed the pain she had given.

"Come, now," she said, impatiently, "I want to look particularly well, for Willard Wharton is coming. It is the first party since he came from Europe. He has been vegetating in Florence ever so long, with a consumptive mother, but she died a year ago, and after traveling awhile he has come home. Did you know him?"

"I never heard the name."

"Come to think of it, he left here long before you came."

Allie's primer was put aside, and Margaret accompanied Laura to the room where her finery was being prepared for a brilliant party a few hours later.

"Miss Hoyt," Mrs. Bristow said, looking up from the cloud of tulle under her fingers, "I wish you to come down to play, and I wish you to wear white lace ruffles and a white flower or two in your hair. That will not interfere with your mourning, but you will look a little less like a mute at a funeral."

To hear was to obey. Mrs. Bristow was a distant connection of Mr. Hoyt's, and when he died leaving his only child to poverty, the lady impressed upon poor, stricken Daisy that she was under an enormous weight of obligation by being permitted to be governess, lady's maid, generally useful factotum in her family.

For nearly a year she had filled the unenviable position of poor relation, unsalaried and over-worked, and much of the bloom of her pure blonde beauty had left the Daisy's face.

But the soft violet eyes had lost nothing of their sweetness; the golden hair, gathered into a rich knot, was full of waves and ringlets, making tiny baby curls around the delicate oval of her pale face, and the sensitive mouth was still expressive and lovely.

She sighed a little as she put the soft white ruffle into her black dress, and a few white flowers in her hair.

It seems like forgetting dear father," she thought, but yet she knew her appearance had been too gloomy for a festive occasion.

The guests were gathering, and Daisy had gone into a small sitting-room opposite the wide drawing-rooms to wait until she was summoned to sing and play.

She had never been in society in Albany, and knew none of Mrs Bristow's friends, so she was graciously excused from taking any more active part in the social gathering than to amuse by her singing, or help willing feet along by playing dance music.

She was turning over the leaves of a new magazine, quite sure of being uninterrupted, when the door opened, and, looking up, she saw a strange gentleman.

"Pardon me," he said, "I thought this was the drawing-room."

Then as she lifted her face, he sprang forward.

"Daisy! Daisy!" he said, and not realizing the familiarity of the address, she arose to stretch out both hands saying:

"Jeff!" It is Jeff!"

"It is Jeff," he answered, "or rather it is Willard Wharton."

Then, moving a chair near the one she had occupied, he told her of his grandfather's legacy, and the change of name.

"Through good and ill, years of prosperity and the temptation that assails all of us, I have carried a golden talisman, to keep my heart pure and true, that I might one day dare bring it to your feet," he said.

And through a mist of happy tears she saw him open a large locket hanging to his watch chain. No minature face, no lock of hair was there, but carefully set, a twenty-dollar gold piece, with "M. H." scratched with a pin in one corner.

In the drawing room Mrs. Bristow wondered what detained her hero for the evening—when he came in late she read nothing of the secret in his happy eyes.

She saw his courteous attention to her governess, but attributed them to the innate courtesy of the young millionaire, and Daisy sang as if inspired, and threw a shower of gleeful fantasies into her waltz and galop music.

But when Miss Hoyt was asked for in Mr. Wharton's calls, when the stylish turnout that was the admired of Albany stood at the door for Miss Hoyt to drive, Mrs. Bristow grew savage.

"You are too forward with strangers," she told Daisy.

"But Mr. Wharton is an old friend. I knew him when I was a little girl, and—and we are to be married in the spring," said blushing Daisy.

And considering Mr. Wharton's wealth and position, and his future wife's probable influence in society, Mrs. Bristow wisely made the best of it, and Daisy was provided with a trosseau and a wedding party, for—"Your great kindness to Allie," said Mrs. Bristow, gracefully.

Not until they had been some days married did Wm. Wharton say one day carelessly:

"By-the-by, Daisy, was that watch ever found?"

"Yes. Felix was arrested six months afterward for stealing some of the plate, and in his trunk was the watch. Papa searched faithfully for you, but you had vanished as if the earth had swallowed you."

"I knew it would turn up somewhere," said Mr. Wharton, quietly; "and perhaps now it is just as well it was missed. If I had not left in disgrace my darling might not have given me my golden talisman."

MR. REDPATH'S DISAPPEARANCE.

The Report that he has Been Found in Kalamazoo Contradicted.

[New York Sun.]

A special dispatch to a Chicago newspaper from Kalamazoo, Mich., reports that Mr. James Redpath has been found alive and safe. So far as can be learned here, that statement is wholly without foundation. Since Sept. 4th Mr. Redpath has been missing, and from the time when he sent to Mrs. Chorpenning the brief despatch that his head "hurt terribly," and that he thought the sea air would do him good, not the slightest clue has been afforded that might have suggested his fate. Superintendent Walling believes that under temporary mental aberration he wandered on board a ship bound to some distant port, and that his condition was not perceptible to strangers until he was too far away to send back word of his whereabouts.

He did not have with him any considerable sum of money, not enough to have tempted any one to make way with him for purposes of robbery. He was not dressed or provided with underclothing or other necessaries for a long absence from home. His physical and mental breakdown, under the stress of his incessant labors, seemed to be complete. He avowed his want of rest, and his last sane act, so far as known, was to express the intention of seeking that rest on the sea. If upon shipboard he may have taken with him nothing to establish his identity, and in that case may have died, and been buried at sea as an "unknown man."

Mr. John V. Redpath telegraphs from Kalamazoo:

"The reports published in the Western papers that I had discovered the whereabouts of my brother James are unfounded. I know nothing regarding him."

All Mr. Redpath's business has been given up, and his office, in the University building, has been abandoned.

An elderly gentleman lately committed suicide in England by throwing himself before the Northern Express Train. There were found at his lodgings a great variety of models; one of a flying machine; another of a locomotive, to be worked by electricity; and the deceased had also attempted to solve the problem of perpetual motion, and also to make an air-gun which should supersede powder guns. But the most curious thing which the suicide left behind him was a wonderfully clever contrivance capable of being transformed into a bed, a chair, a table, or a box, and equally serviceable in either shape.

MRS. LANGTRY.

Her Beauty, and Her Taste in Dressing.

[London Letter.]

Mrs. Langtry's photographs are in every convenient window, in every style of dress, from robe de chambre to full ball toilet. She is portrayed on horseback; in a garden, with garden hat and basket of flowers; in a conservatory, with a pet bird hopping around her head; wrapped in furs, with a mimic snow falling about her, in fancy dress, and in almost every way, indeed, which an inventive photographer can suggest. It is said in England that Mrs. Langtry derives much of her income from the sale of these same photographs; but, though the tale is credited here, I do not find it possible to believe that any modest woman not professedly before the public would or could be a party to traffic in her own likenesses.

Be that as it may, Mrs. Langtry is worthy of being recognized as a beauty. She is also distinctively American in style, being fair and fragile enough to have been born under the shadow of Bunker Hill, or beneath the swaying elms of New Haven. The least American thing about her is her voice, which is soft and sweetly modulated as, it is a pity to say, the American and especially the New England voice seldom is. Her eyes are intensely blue, with no shading off into gray or green, as is apt to be the case with blue eyes. The pupils are such as dilate widely, and almost at will, producing the effect of black eyes. Their expression is soft and calm, and one would not judge their owner to be of very intense nature. Nut brown hair, warm and bright in the sunshine, droops low in the back of the neck, and is becoming and artistic.

Just at present it is the fashion here to be what is called artistic in every particular, from the furnishing of a house to the arrangement of a head-dress. Decorative art has become a disease, and most members of society have taken the disease in its worst form. You see on every side virulent attacks of Greek peplums, garments of the vitiated Roman toga order, classic twists of hair on most unclassic heads, and a general striving after the unattainable under the general name of art.

Mrs. Langtry is either genuinely artistic by instinct, or careful study has supplied the place of instinct. She never slips in matters of the toilet, and whether you see her in the street, at the opera or at the ball, her ensemble is in entire keeping with the place and circumstances. Her style is rather that of the engenue, and even her costliest raiment always looks daintily simple. She wears white and pale colors whenever practicable, and they certainly suit her better than vivid, dark hues. Rough straw hats, trimmed with a bunch of ribbons or a handful of field flowers, are a special fancy of hers, and in one of these and a pretty chintz dress it would be quite easy to fancy her an eighteenth century shepherdess.

In her circle she is reputed to have graces of mind as well as of person; but somehow they do not appear to be much cared for by those who associate with her, and you seldom hear them referred to except by accident. It is quite possible her satellites could not well appreciate them if they did recognize them. She comes of old Norman stock, and Millais, who painted her portrait for the Royal Academy exhibition last season, declares that in her is preserved, with singular purity, the physical type of the race from which she has sprung. This is probably due to her birth in the Island of Jersey, where the old French families have so frequently intermarried that, in spite of the transplanting of homes, national peculiarities have remained unchanged. Her maiden name was Le Breton, and her father is Dean of Jersey. She was married about four years ago to Mr. Edward Langtry, an Irish gentleman.

Miss Emma C. Thursby.

[The Baltimorean.]

The name and fame of this eminent vocalist are now world-wide. During the past twelve or eighteen months she has been abroad, and from everywhere comes a similar report—unprecedented success. At one time since her departure we have heard of her triumphs in critical and artistic Paris, and her admission to the society of French artistes; at another, she is singing at Buckingham Palace, before the most splendid court in Europe. Next we have tidings of her visit to Gamle Norge, with the old violinist, Ole Bull, and again, reports of the applause which greets her at the great provincial musical festivals of England. She is in request everywhere, and everywhere she meets with enthusiastic applause. Soon we hope to have her in Baltimore, where she has been so frequently heard in former years, and always with the highest favor.

Miss Thursby is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., and displayed her musical talents when a member of the class of the Sunday-school attached to the church of the Rev. Dr. Potter. After occupying for a brief period a position in the Plymouth choir, she was engaged as leading singer in Dr. Potter's congregation, from which she transferred her services successively to the churches of Dr. Chapin and Dr. Taylor. But during the fulfillment of these engagements, she was not idle; she patiently studied her art, at first under Errani, of New York, and finally under Madame Rudersdorf, of Boston. She had in the interim paid a visit to Italy, but in that vaunted school of song she derived little benefit, and not till the year 1875, when she placed herself under the care of Madame Rudersdorf, was her distinguished ability recognized. Her first success was at Boston, when, by Madame Rudersdorf's advice, she sang in a concert given by the Howard Musical Association. Since then her career has been one of uninterrupted triumph.

After her debut at Boston, in 1875, Miss Thursby sang in all parts of the country. In 1876 she went with P. S. Gilmore to California, and during her engagement there was heard by his Imperial Majesty, Dom Pedro, of Brazil. The Emperor is well known for his musical taste, and he was so charmed with her manner that he made her the most flattering offers to come to Rio de Janeiro.

Miss Thursby steadily refuses to sing in opera. Her engagement with Mr. Strakosch for three years from April, 1878, was never fulfilled; that gentleman made no attempt to carry out his part of the bargain, and thus not only lost an opportuuity for making money, but forfeited the esteem of all Miss Thursby's friends.

Miss Thursby is really Miss Tbursby. She holds that art and matrimony are incompatible, and says that either the profession or the husband must be neglected.

Our lady readers may be interested in learning that Miss Thursby takes great care of her voice. Before singing she takes a sleep of half an hour, then indulges in a bath, and takes a light meal not later than 5 o'clock. She thus comes to the performance of her arduous tasks invigorated and fresh.

Miss Thursby is at present engaged in England, where her services are in request for the grand concerts both in London and the provincial cities. She is to sing at the Hereford Festival, and is engaged for the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts in October and November.

The only contretemps that ever marred any of her performances was at one of the Crystal Palace concerts in 1878. She was hardly in good voice on the occasion, and had to sing Mozart's aria, "Sperai vicino il lido," a work of unusual compass, extending to the D in alt. She injudiciously attempted to sing it in the original key. She recovered her laurels, however, in Handel's "Rondinella," but Taubert's "Bird Song" was hissed. Of course the hissing was intended for the song, not for the singer, and the responsibility must rest on those who advised her to offer such a song to such an audience. With this solitary exception, no signs of dissatisfaction have been heard at any of Miss Thursby's performances. The worst a critic can say is that she is rather cold, but this is a mere question of taste, which casts no reflection on her artistic merits. The verdict of the public is the verdict by which the singer lives or dies, and that has been given repeatedly and emphatically in Miss Thursby's favor. She is the American Queen of the Concert Room. The public memory is treacherous, else it seems almost needless to remind the dilettante reader of Miss Thursby's grand success at the great popular concerts in Paris this last season. Her appearance was a surprise. The "unknown" takes her place quietly, the very first notes arrest attention, at the conclusion the audience rises at the artist, and l'Americaine is of right one of the first artists of the world. She was made Societaire of the great French Artists' Association by unanimous consent.

The Musical Season.

[New York Tribune.]

Tempted, perhaps, by the prospects of an unusually gay season, the managers of opera and concert companies have made a start, and some of them are already prospering while fashionable society hardly yet acknowledges itself to be in town. It is assured on all sides that people mean to spend a great deal of money this winter. The first gleam of sunshine after the long period of gloom has had a remarkable effect upon the spirits of the public, and all the world seems brisk and merry. Musical and dramatic entertainments of most kinds are likely to obtain a much more liberal support this year than they have earned at any time since the era of inflation and extravagance.

A fitting prelude to the classical concerts of the season will be given next week at Steinway Hall, where Theodore Thomas, long missed from New York, will appear again at the head of his orchestra, and present one of those interesting and symmetrical programmes which used to be the delight of all our connoisseurs. The concerts of this conductor have not only an exceptional merit in the execution, but they are distinguished for an excellence in the arrangement of the bill which is altogether unique. We shall have repeated occasions this year to admire the tact and extensive knowledge displayed in Thomas' selections, for he takes charge again of the Philharmonic Society, and will no doubt bring back prosperity to that respectable organization.

Already there has been an active demand for boxes and season tickets, and arrangements have been made for ample rehearsals under Thomas' personal direction. The New York Symphony Society enters upon its second season vigorous and enthusiastic, and Dr. Damrosch has laid out some important work for it, the difficult and little-known larger compositions of Berlioz forming, as they did last year, a considerable part of the scheme. The Chickering Hall symphonies will go on under the same direction as before, and the Oratorio Society promises the usual variety of choral music.

There is little positive information about the plans of Mr. Mapleson, but it is reasonable to infer from the catalogue of his engagements that he will rely, as he did last year, chiefly upon a spirited and careful representation of the familiar stock operas. He brings a prima donna who has won a high place in the regard of the American public, and who has certainly given some of the most charming personations of the light soprano parts that our stage has witnessed for many years. In some quarters there is always a clamor for novelty; but under the influence of Gerster's magnetic presence the old works are fresh and young again, and it will be long before our audiences tire of such an Amina, such a Dinorah, or such a Lucy of Lammermoor. There are several artists in the list of the company whose capabilities have yet to be tested, and there are rumors of the production of various new works. The main stay of the season, however, will undoubtedly be Mme. Gerster-Gardini.

Scenes at a Fire.

[Pittsburg Telegraph.]

It is a fact that much excitement generally prevails in the immediate vicinity of a large conflagration, and this was doubly demonstrated in quite a laughable manner at the fire at England & Bindley's establishment, on Twentieth street, last Friday night. A German barber, doing business on Penn avenue, being aroused by the noise and confusion, was so dazed that he donned the principal part of his wife's clothing, and rushed frantically out among the crowd. He returned in short order when the people set up a laugh. Another German, a butcher, so far forgot himself in the general confusion that he ran out into his stable, adjoining the burning building, and instead of strapping up the halter over his horse's head to lead it out, attached it to the animal's tail, and didn't discover his mistake until the beast landed him out through a rear door with a well directed blow from behind.